A LETTER from the FRENCH KING TO THE GREAT TURK,

Lamenting the woful Loſs of his Noble FLEET, and earneſtly requiring his *preſent Aſſiſtance.*

With the Grand Seignior's ANSWER.

2. June. 1692. A Sham upon Vhon.

Moſt dear Brother;

PAR *Dieu*, I am undone, undone for ever; and bloodily afraid, that our *good Cauſe* (which we have jointly carried on ſo long) will now (on a ſudden) fall to the Ground: For, alas, alas, I muſt let you know, that my *Invincible Armado* hath moſt unhappily rancounter'd with an *Engliſh Drake*, who hath publickly evinc'd, to the unlooking World, That *I can be Over-come.* O wo, wo to me! what ſhall I do? I ſhake and tremble, I quake with a panick Fear; and the Violence of Paſſion, at the firſt receiving of this amazing Diſaſter, hath again occaſion'd the tormenting *Fiſtula* in my diſtreſſed *Ano.* What ſhall I do? what ſhall I do? I'm undone, undone, undone, every where beſet with implacable Enemies, and my utter Ruin is nigh at hand. Enraged *Neptune* doth diſtract me at Sea, and thundering *Mars* afrights me at Land. From Abroad I'm ſtrangely terrify'd with the very thoughts of my *formidable Adverſaries*; and at Home I continually dread the riſing of the *unruly Mob.* To all which add, that my Ghoſtly Father at *Rome*, hath long ago declared me a Baſtard, and ſays, *That I no ways belong to the Holy See.*

In ſhort, I'm forſaken both by God and Man! I have pray'd to S. *Denis* twice, but he hath not heard me; and S. *Ignatius* (I think) is fallen aſleep. All my *Beads* and *Gaudes* do now avail me nothing; and a thouſand *Ave Maries* are ſaid, but all in vain.

Thus (my deareſt Brother) I do let you know of theſe my perplexing Circumſtances, beſeeching you (for the ſake of *Mahomet's Sleeve*) to aſſiſt me now in this my greateſt Extremity.

Great Sir;

I need not tell you that my Enemies are alſo yours, and that yours are truly mine. I beg it of you, that you would be pleaſed to cauſe your great *Muſti* grant me the benefit of his Prayers; and that in all haſte imaginable he would diſpatch ſome Lamenting Pilgrim to the famous *Mecca*, to ſalute in my Name the ſplendid Sepulchre of your great Prophet, aſſuring him of my faithful Allegiance for the future, and that henceforth I will no longer act the part of an Hypocrite, (that being in all probability ſome Cauſe of my preſent Ruine) but will publickly own his noble Principles, and that in the Face of the Sun, ſtill carrying before my marching Armies, a glittering *Creſcent*, with the following Motto, *In hoc vince*; and (to the utmoſt of my Power) I will propagate the Holy *Alcoran* through the Weſtern Parts of the Heretical World. I need not tell you of my fervent Zeal to that meritorious Work, you being fully convinc'd thereof long ago. I am not able to write one Word more at preſent, becauſe exceſſive Grief overwhelms my drooping Spirit: Therefore (my deareſt Brother) I do, again and again, requeſt your preſent Aſſiſtance. And expecting an Anſwer with the firſt convenience, do ſubſcribe my ſelf,

(Great *SIR*)

Your greatly afflicted Brother,

Louis le Grand.

Be pleaſed to direct for me at Valenciennes, *at the Sign of the* Lion above the Flower de Lis, *lodging with the Counteſs of* Bourbon, *one of my* Seraglio.

A *Copy* of the *Grand Seignior*'s ANSWER to the *French King*'s LETTER, ſent to him in all haſte by the Flying Poſt.

Dear and diſconſolate Brother;

I Have received your Lamenting Letter by the foreſaid Poſt, and am heartily ſorry at your woful preſent Circumſtances; but aſſure your ſelf, that I will truly Aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of my Power. And that you may be fully convinced of my Sympathy with your ſad Condition, I do hereby give you my Royal Word, that for three Days to come I will abſtain from being Drunk with *Claret Wine*. And that my great Concern for you may farther appear, I'le command a publick Faſt to be kept through all my Dominions, ſtrictly charging my dutiful Subjects, that (when they'r beſt at leaſure) they may conſecrate at leaſt half a Day for publick Mourning and Humiliation; enjoining a ſevere Penance on any Perſon who will dare to eat Meat twice before Dinner that day. And to avoid all ſign of Joy or Rejoicing whatſoever, I'le promiſe you, that (during our Humiliation) no *Bell* ſhall be toll'd in any of my Sacred *Moſques*. And, finally, for your farther Comfort, I am fully reſolv'd to denounce open War againſt the great Kingdom of *China*, and that becauſe it doth ſo abound with that nauſeous Fruit called *Oranges*, a Fruit moſt deteſtable to your Sacred Palat.

But ſince all this (though very great Comfort indeed) doth not anſwer the chief End of your Epiſtle, (it being preſent Aſſiſtance you want) I do hereby let you know, that in that Point I'le fully ſatisfy you alſo. *Courage, courage*, Brother, there's no fear; Are not you *Louis le Grand*, and I *Seignior le Grand?* the Devil's in't if we maul not the Rogues now. Your Perſonal Valour hath ſounded all the World over; pray therefore rouſe up your ſelf now at this Time, a Time of ſo great Danger to our Sacred Cauſe: Come, come (Brother) chear up your muſing Mind, and fear nothing at all. It's true, you want both Ships and Money at preſent; and what then? can't I furniſh you with both? Yes truly, and I will do it. You know (Brother) I deſigned to have done great Things upon the *Danube* this Summer, but that deviliſh Paſs near *Orſoway*, hath utterly ruin'd my Deſign. Now ſeeing that it is ſo, I can freely ſpare you my whole Fleet of *Barks* and *Boats*, (eſpecially thoſe that your ſhallow Seas can well admit of) whereby you may be able, not only to re-ingage, but (I hope) alſo to defeat your Enemies: Therefore I deſire, that upon the receiving of this my Letter, you will cauſe inſtantly diſpatch an Expreſs to your Royal Harbour at *Barfleur*, commanding three of your beſt Ships (namely, the *Royal Sun*, the *Conquerant* and *Admirable*) to meet my Fleet at the *Straits* Mouth, and from thence to conduct them ſafe to the Engliſh Channel; and then if we chance only to get but one ſight of the Rogues, the Day will certainly be our own, I'le warrant it; yea, *(par ma foy & en verité)* I can take my Oath upon it. As for Money (Brother) fear not, I'le furniſh you with your own *Luidores*, with which you formerly gifted me in ſo great Abundance: Pray fear not, you ſhall have true French Gold, and that as much as I can ſpare. You tell me, in a moſt tragical manner, that you are ruin'd both by Sea and Land; your whole Kingdom being in a dreadful Conſternation at preſent, and the greateſt part of your Fleet either ſunk or burnt; ſo that Earth, Water and Fire, do ſeem all at once to fight againſt you. What then (Brother) have you forgot all your Philoſophy? Are there not four Elements? make haſt therefore, and fly ſpeedily to the *Prince* of the *Air*, and betake your ſelf to his Royal Protection, and preſently eſtabliſh a firm League, Offenſive and Defenſive, with him; I ſay, do it preſently before he hear of all your Diſaſters, leſt then he be unwilling to conſent unto it. Make haſte, and quickly diſpatch your great Truſtee the *D.* of *Luxenburgh*, his good Friend and old Acquaintance; for if any Man in the World prevail, it will be him. I deſire to be a Member of that Noble Confederacy my ſelf; ſo that being Three in Number, I hope we ſhall prove the Invincible *Triumviri*. But, pray obſerve one thing, that we muſt both give the precedence to this our great Friend: But to comfort you (Brother) by all means you ſhall ſit next to him; ſo that in your Imperial Dets, our Royal Writs ſhall be thus ſuperſcrib'd,

Lucifer le Grand, Louis le Grand, Seignior le Grand,

Every one *Le Grand*. Are not theſe confounding *Titles*, enough to conquer the VVorld it ſelf, ſuppoſe we never ſtrike a Stroke? Yes truly, and that without any Miracle too. Aſſure your ſelf therefore of a moſt glorious *Triumph* over all your perplexing Foes, which is the conſtant Prayer and hearty VViſh of,

MONSIEUR,

Votre tres cher Ami & Frere,

Le Grand Seignior.

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